

75/34  
RESIGNATION, &c.

IN FIVE PARTS.

To Mrs. B \* \* \* \* \*

INCLUDING

A FUNERAL EPITHALAMIUM,

Occasioned by a New MARRIAGE-ACT.

---

*My Soul shall be satisfied even as it were with Marrow and Fatness,  
when my Mouth praiseth Thee with Joyful Lips.*

PSAL. lxiii. 6.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXI.

# REGISTRATION

MADE

IN FIVE

THE FIRST OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE SECOND OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE THIRD OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE FOURTH OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE FIFTH OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE SIXTH OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE SEVENTH OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE EIGHTH OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880

THE NINTH OF THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1880



M A D A M,

NOT to deceive you by the Title, I must let you know, that tho' *Resignation* is my chief Point, yet I touch on other Topics; Topics most tending to promote our Attainment of that supreme Virtue, such as the Vanity of this Life, and the Value of the next; Patience; Prayer; Death; the great Goodness of the Deity, &c.

The greatest Part of what, in the following Pages, I have written to You; I have written, also, to myself: They stand in most Need of *Resignation*, that are nearest to their End. God assist us both in the full Use of that Reason, which He has bestowed on us; and then we are sure of his farther Favour; through the Intercession of the Best of Friends; who brought us such very glad Tidings, as may well make the most heavy News this World can bring, to sit light on our Hearts.

What I send You is ill adapted to the present Taste, and I am sorry to lay You under the Dilemma of being either Singular, or Dissatisfied with it.

M A D A M,

*Your most Obedient, and*

*most Humble Servant.*

M A D A M

NOT to deceive you by the title I shall be  
 your know that the Kingdom is my child  
 Point with force of (the) Logic (I) (say) my  
 tending to promote our Attainment of that Supreme  
 Virtue, such as the Variety of the Life, and the  
 Value of the next; Prudence; Fortitude; the  
 great Goodness of the Deity.

The Greatest Part of what in the following Paper  
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 make the most heavy News the World can bring  
 to us light as our Hearts.

What I send You is ill adapted to the present Taste,  
 and I am sorry to say You cannot the Dismissal of  
 being either Satisfied or Dissatisfied with it.

M A D A M

Your most Obedient Son

and humble Servant





# RESIGNATION.

## PART I.

**B**EYOND the Themes, which most admire,  
Which dazzle, or amaze;  
Beyond proud Thunderbolts of War,  
Bright Charms, or Empire's Blaze;

Are Themes, which in a World of Woe,  
Can best appease our Pain;  
And, in an Age of gaudy Guilt,  
Gay Folly's Flood restrain;

Amidst the Storms of Life inspire,  
A calm, unshaken Mind;  
And with unfading Laurels crown  
The Brow of the *Resign'd*:

O! *Resignation*, yet un Sung!  
Untouch'd by former Strains!  
Tho' worthy ev'ry Muse's Smile,  
And ev'ry Poets Pains!

Beneath Life's solemn, Ev'ning Shades,  
I dedicate my Page  
To Thee, imploring thy Support,  
Thou sole Support of Age!

All other Duties *Crescents* are  
Of Virtue faintly bright;  
The glorious Consummation, Thou!  
Which fills her *Orb* with Light;

How

How rarely fill'd? The Love of Heav'n  
 In *Evils* to discern;  
 This, the First Lesson which we want;  
 The Latest, which we learn.

But, tho' full noble is my Theme,  
 Full urgent is my Call  
 To soften Sorrow, and forbid  
 The bursting Tear to fall;

To sooth the Sob, and to suppress  
 Those Vapours black, that rise  
 To cloud the Brain, the Spirits damp,  
 Then gush thro' streaming Eyes;

Yet dare I venture? Dare I leave  
 Of humble *Prose* the Shore,  
 And put to Sea? A dang'rous Sea!  
 What Throngs have sunk before?

How proud the *Poet's* Billow swells?  
 The God! the God! his Boast:  
 The God's unkind; what Wrecks abound?  
 Dead Bards stench ev'ry Coast.

What then am I? Shall I presume  
 On such a moulted Wing,  
 Above the general Wreck to rise,  
 And in my Winter sing;

When Nightingales, when sweetest Bards,  
 Confine their charming Song  
 To Summer's animating Heats,  
 Content to warble Young?

How shall I strike the sounding Lyre,  
 With Energy, and Art?  
 Fain would I strike a String divine,  
 To reach, and heal your Heart;

But my poor, pallid, lambent Flame,  
 In vain, to shine aspires;  
 Beneath the Snow of Age, extinct  
 Bright, bold Poetic Fires.

Yet



Yet write I must, a \* Lady sues;  
How *shameful* her Request?  
My Brain in Labour for vile Rhyme!  
Hers teeming with the Best!

But You'll indulge me, and excuse  
A Stranger's feeble Strain:  
To You a Stranger, but, thro' Fate,  
No Stranger to your Pain.

The Ghost of Grief decess'd ascends;  
His old Wound bleeds anew;  
His Sorrows are recall'd to Life,  
By those he sees in You.

Full well he knows the twisted Strings  
Of ardent Hearts combin'd;  
When rent asunder, how they bleed;  
How hard to be *Resign'd*?

Alike distress'd, *Your* Tears he shed;  
The Pang You feel, he felt;  
Thus *Nature*, loud as *Virtue*, bids  
His Heart, at Yours, to melt.

But what can Heart, or Head suggest?  
What, sad Experience, say? —  
To Peace, thro' Truths austere, we work  
Our rugged, gloomy Way.

What are we? Whence? for What? and Whither?—  
Who know not, needs must mourn:  
But *Thought*, bright Daughter of the Skies!  
Can Tears to Triumph turn.

*Thought* is our Armour; 'tis the Mind's  
Impenetrable Shield;  
When sent by Fate, we meet our Foes,  
In sore Affliction's Field:

*Thought* plucks the frightful Mask from Ills;  
Forbids pale Fear to hide,  
Beneath that dark Disguise, a Friend  
Who turns *Affection's* Tide.

*Affection*

*Affection* frail! train'd up by *Sense*,  
 From *Reason's* Channel strays;  
 And while She blindly points at Peace,  
 Our Peace to Pain betrays:

*Thought* winds her fond, erroneous Stream  
 From daily-dying Flow'rs;  
 To nourish rich, immortal, Blooms;  
 In Amaranthine Bow'rs.

All withers Here! Who most possess,  
 Are Losers by their Gain;  
 Stung by *full* Proof, that, bad at best,  
 Earth's idle *All* is vain.

Vain in its *Course*, Life's *murm'ring* Stream;  
 Should nought in That offend,  
 And Murmur cease! Life, then, wou'd seem  
 Still Vainer, from its *End*.

Amid the Taxes Nature lays,  
 And fell Misfortune's Spoils,  
 Happy the Day, distinguish'd Day!  
 That justifies our Smiles.

Since Vain all *Here*; all *Future* Vast!  
 Embrace the Lot assign'd:  
 Heav'n wounds, to save; its Frowns are Friends;  
 Its Strokes severe, most kind.

In our laps'd Nature, rooted deep  
 Blind Error domineers;  
 And on Fools Errands, in the Dark,  
 Sends out our Hopes, and Fears;

Bids us for ever Pain deplore,  
 Our Pleasures overprize;  
*These*, oft, persuade us to be Fools;  
*Those* urge us to be wise.

From Virtue's rugged Road to *Right*,  
 By Pleasure are we brought  
 To flow'ry Fields of *Wrong*, and there  
 Pain chides us for our Fault.

But



But while it chides, it speaks of Peace,  
If Folly is withstood ;  
And says, *Time* pays an easy Price  
For our eternal Good.

Thro' *Time's* dark Womb, our Judgment right,  
If our dim Eye was thrown,  
Clear should we see, the Will Divine  
Has but forestall'd our *own*.

At Variance with our future With,  
Self-sever'd, we complain :  
If so; the Wounded, not the Wound,  
Must answer for the Pain.

The Day shall come, and swift of Wing,  
Tho' You may think it slow ;  
When, in your List of Fortune's Smiles,  
You'll enter, Frowns of Woe.

Yes, come, it *shall*, (You question this)  
Sweet Day! when you shall blest,  
Beyond the brightest Beams of Life,  
Dark Days of your Distress.

Hear, then, without Surprize, a Truth,  
A Daughter-Truth to This;  
" A close Alliance, often ties  
" A bleeding Heart to Bliss."

If here, once more, your Doubts arise,  
My sacred *Motto* read ;  
A glorious Truth, divinely sung  
By One, whose Heart had bled.

Look round the peopled Earth, or thro'  
All Ages Records run ;  
And say, what is a Man *unstruck* ?  
It is a Man *undone*.

Our Pangs are often Parent-Pangs,  
The Pangs of happy Birth ;  
Pangs, by which only can be born  
*True Happiness* on Earth :

No Martyr e'er defy'd the Flame,  
With Stings of Life unvest;  
All, first, had *Quarrel* with this World;  
Then, *Passion* for the next.—

This Instant I myself am stung:  
How exquisite the Smart?  
\* How critically tim'd the News,  
Which strikes me to the Heart?

The *Pang*, of which I spoke, I feel!—  
If Worth, like Thine, is *born*,  
O Long-belov'd! I bless the Blow;  
I triumph, whilst I mourn: —

Nor mourn I long: By Grief subdu'd  
Be Reason's Empire shown;  
Deep Anguish *comes* by Heav'n's Decree;  
*Continues*, by our own:

And if continued past its Point,  
Indulg'd in Length of Time,  
Grief is Disgrace; and what was Fate  
Corrupts into a Crime.

And shall I, criminally mean,  
Myself, and Subject wrong?  
No; my Example shall support  
The Precept of my Song.

Madam! I grant your Grief is great;  
Nor little is your Gain;  
Let that be weigh'd; if weigh'd aright,  
It pays for all your Pain:

When Heav'n. wou'd kindly set us *Free*,  
And Earth's *Enchantment* end;  
It takes the most effectual Means,  
And robs us of a FRIEND.

\* Whilst the Author was writing This, he received the News  
of Mr. *Richardson's* Death.



## P A R T II.

MADAM! perhaps, Relief to bring  
 In vain I should not strive;  
 But with soft Balm your Pain assuage;  
 Had *He* been still alive:

To touch our Passion's secret Springs,  
 Was his peculiar Care;  
 And to his Genius open'd deep  
 The Bosom of the Fair;

But now your Pain I shall increase;  
 And wound, to heal your Heart:  
 Know, *Love* sometimes, mistaken Love!  
 Plays *Disaffection's* Part:

Nor Lands, nor Seas, nor Suns, nor Stars,  
 Can Soul from Soul divide;  
 They correspond from distant Worlds,  
 Tho' Transports are deny'd:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?  
 Is not your Love severe?  
 O! stop that crystal Sluice of Woe,  
 Nor wound *Him* with a Tear.

As Those above, from human Bliss,  
 Receive Increase of Joy;  
 May not a Stroke from human Woe,  
 In Part, their Peace destroy?

*He* lives in those he left — to what?  
 Your, now, *paternal* Care;  
 Clear from Grief's Cloud your brighten'd Eye,  
 It will discern him there;

Think on the Tempests He sustain'd;  
 Revolve his Battles won;  
 And let *those* prophesy your Joys  
 From such a Father's Son:

Is Consolation what You seek?  
 Then fan the martial Fire;  
 And animate to Flame, the Sparks  
 Bequeath'd him by his Sire;

As nothing Great is born in Haste,  
 For Birth due Time allow;  
 His Father's Laurels may descend,  
 And flourish on his Brow.

This shou'd administer Relief,  
 And check the rising Sigh;  
 Yet, farther Opiate to your Pain  
 I labour to supply;

Since Spirits greatly damp'd distort  
 Ideas of Delight,  
 Look thro' the Medium of a Friend  
 To set your Notions right:

As Tears the Sight, Grief dims the Soul;  
 Its Object dark appears;  
 True Friendship, like the rising Sun,  
 The Soul's Horizon clears:

*Reason* is somewhat rough in Man;  
 Extremely smooth, and fair,  
 When she, to cloath, and grace her Strength,  
 Assumes a female Air:

A Friend \* you have, and I the same;  
 Her prudent, soft Address,  
 Will bring to Life those healing Thoughts  
 Which died in your Distress:

A Friend's an Optic for the Mind  
 By Sorrow clouded o'er,  
 And gives it Strength of Sight to read  
 Redress unseen before.

Let those lament, to whom full Bowls  
 Of sparkling Joys are giv'n;  
 That *triple* Bane, inebriates Life;  
 Imbitters Death; and hazards Heav'n.

Woel



Woe! to the *Soul* at perfect Ease;  
 'Tis brewing perfect Pains;  
 Lull'd Reason sleeps; the Pulse is King;  
 Despotic *Body* reigns;

Its Slave on the soft Down of *Sense*,  
 Or *Fancy's* Roses, rolls;  
 His Interest, and his Heart, as far  
 Asunder, as the Poles.

Our Hearts are fasten'd to this Globe,  
 By strong, and endless Ties;  
 And every Sorrow cuts a String,  
 And urges us to rise;

If so; — I fear You'll start: But know,  
 I'm studious of your Peace;  
 Tho' I should dare to give You Joy —  
 Yes, Joy of *his* Decease:

But nought so hard to mortal Man  
 As what most easy seems;  
 To set a just Esteem on That,  
 Which yet he — most esteems;

That is, on Heav'n: What Witchcraft this,  
 That *Earth* shou'd so prevail?  
 Earth, lighter than the Ballance-dust,  
 Her *Rival* in the Scale:

O! for an *Archimedes* new,  
 Of *moral* Pow'rs possess'd,  
 To move the World; and quite expell  
 That Traitor from the Breast.

Benign Her Stars! who learns, tho' learnt  
 Most painfully, to soar  
 The Sun above: She soars to shine,  
 When Suns shall shine no more.

Of Pain impatient, scar'd at Woe,  
 Rich, golden Good we miss;  
 Pain is the Parent, Woe the Womb,  
 Of sound, important Bliss.

In some Disaster, some severe  
Appointment for our Sins,  
That Mother *Blessing*, (not *so* call'd),  
*True* Happiness begins.

Such as succeed, and sweep the Field,  
In their terrestrial Chace;  
Full often carry too much Weight,  
To win the Christian Race.

Have You ne'er pity'd Joy's gay Scenes?  
And deem'd their Glory dark?  
Alas, poor *Envy*! She's Stone-blind,  
And quite mistakes her Mark.

Her Mark lies hid in Sorrow's Shades,  
But Sorrow, well-subdu'd;  
And in proud Fortune's Frown defy'd,  
By meek, *unborrow'd* Good;

By *Resignation*! All, in That,  
A double Friend may find;  
Our *Wing* to Heav'n; and while on Earth,  
The *Pillow* of Mankind.

For Rest, on Pillows void of Down,  
Our restless Hopes we place;  
When Hopes of Heav'n lie warm at Heart,  
Our Hearts repose in Peace:

The Peace, which *Resignation* feels,  
Who feel, *alone*, can guess;  
'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring Minds;  
They *must* conclude it less:

From *small* Experience, This I speak;  
O! grant to those I love,  
Experience fuller far, Ye Pow'rs!  
Who form our Fates, above:

My Love, where due? How justly theirs,  
Who, kind, from *Grandeur*, came,  
To shine on Age, in *mean* Recess;  
And light me to my Theme;



A \* Theme Themselves! a Theme how *new*?  
 The Beauties they display,  
 To triumph o'er the captive *Head*,  
 Are set in bright Array;

*Learning*, and *Genius*, wiser grown,  
 To female Bosoms fly;  
 With his own Arms is Man subdu'd,  
 His fading Laurels die:

The dark Prediction, tho' but Few  
 Were able to unfold;  
 This Revolution fixt by Fate,  
 In Fable was foretold:

*Pallas* ('tis said) when *Jove* grew dull,  
 Forsook his drowsy Brain;  
 And sprightly leap'd into the Throne  
 Of *Wisdom's* brighter Reign:

Her *Helmet* took; that is, shot rays  
 Of formidable Wit;  
 And in the Book of Fame, her *Launce*  
 Immortal Pages writ:

Our Authors Male, as, then, did *Jove*,  
 Now, scratch a damag'd Head;  
 And call for what, once, quarter'd there;  
 But find the Goddess fled.

The Fruit of *Knowledge*, golden Fruit!  
 That, once, forbidden Tree,  
 Hedg'd in by surly Man, is now  
 To *Britain's* Daughters free:

The noble Thirst of Fruit so fair,  
 Who does not know, began  
 In their first Mother; and, like Her,  
 These cause a Fall in Man:

And since of Genius in our Sex,  
 O *Addison*! with thee,  
 The Sun is set; how I rejoice  
 This Sister-Lamp to see?

It

It sheds, like *Cynthia*, Silver Beams  
On Man's *nocturnal* State;  
His lessen'd Light, and languid Pow'rs,  
I *show*, whilst I relate.

### P A R T III.

**B**UT in both Sexes, Parts beyond,  
*This* shines; *This* Glory crowns;  
In ruffling Seasons, to be calm;  
And smile, when Fortune frowns:

How strong our Motives to rejoice?  
To render Joy sincere,  
Has *This* no Weight? Our Joy is felt  
Beyond this narrow Sphere:

Would we in Heav'n new Heav'n create,  
And double its Delight?  
A *smiling* World, when Heav'n looks down,  
How pleasing in its Sight?

For Smiles what Cause? How ev'ry Sense  
Is courted from above,  
With Presents exquisite? This World  
Is overwhelm'd with Love.

We hold in constant Service bound  
The blust'ring Winds, and Seas;  
Nor Suns disdain to travel hard,  
Their Master Man to please:

O Thou! great Source of our Delights,  
And dare we then complain  
Of harsh Injunctions, Laws severe,  
In thy indulgent Reign?

What would our Madness have revers'd?  
What Law would we withstand?  
To banish Sorrow, and *be blest*,  
Is thy supreme Command.

Are



Are such Commands but ill obey'd?  
Of Joy shall we complain?  
The Man who *dares* to be a Wretch,  
Deserves still greater Pain.

Is *Resignation* difficult?  
Examine, we shall find,  
That Duty gives up little more,  
Than Anguish of the Mind:

*Resign*, and all the Load of Life,  
That Instant You remove;  
Its thousand, and ten thousand Cares,  
Devolve on One above.

If *Richardson*, as he was wont,  
Now overlooks my Page;  
He'll see, I strive in vain from Him  
Sick Thought to disengage;

Sweet *their* Repose, who fondly lean  
Against each other's Breast;  
That Stay remov'd, how great our Fall?  
How much are we distress'd?

Who would not, then, lay hold on One,  
Who never will remove;  
Clasp'd in *His everlasting Arms*!  
Transported with his Love!

Know you what gives us all our Pains?  
Strong Passion for this Scene;  
That aggrandizes Trifles here,  
Makes endless Glory mean:

Let endless Glory to rous'd Thought,  
In all its Grandeur rise;  
Earth's Giant-Ills are dwarf'd at once,  
And all Disquiet dies:

*Then* levell'd quite; while yet Alive,  
The Monarch, and his Slave;  
Nor wait enlighten'd Minds to learn  
That Lesson from the Grave.

A George the Third wou'd, *then*, be low  
As Lewis, in Renown;  
Had He not something (Happy Isle!)  
Far nobler than a Crown;

Earth, a cast Mistress, is cast off;  
That *Circe* charms no more;  
Empire's a Feather for a Fool;  
And *Indian* Mines are poor,

Our Thoughts, on Wing of Love divine,  
Soar so sublime a Flight,  
Not Earth alone, Sun, Moon, and Stars,  
Are Atoms in our Sight:

Enamour'd of far More, on *That*  
Whilst humbly we presume;  
Be this Scene's Treasures, Triumphs, Thrones,  
The Worldling's *dismal* Doom:

Grief is an Infidel! — To Foes, To *France*,  
Send the dark Dæmon o'er;  
In Joy \* *we'll meet*; Best Means of Joy,  
When met, to part no more!

In *that* blest'd Hope Life's Comfort lives;  
Life's Labours *that* makes light;  
Darts Beams thro' Fate's incumbent Gloom,  
And lights our Sun by Night.

Say not, your Loss in Triumph leads  
Religion's languid Strife;  
Joys future amply reimburse  
Joy's Bankrupts of this Life.

The Cordial, *that*; the grand Receipt  
To make the Mourner glad:  
*That* Nectar near, 'tis Sin to Sigh;  
'Tis Madness to be Sad;

To tremble at a shaken Reed;  
At *momentary* Sorrow;  
No more! tho' long as Life; what's Life?  
The longest ends To-morrow.

But,

\* The Ladies promised another Visit.



But, endless Life! — Unbounded Bliss! —  
 Strange News! — Profound Amaze! —  
 Life endless! — Bought by Death Divine!  
 Astonish'd *Angels* gaze!

Bliss, how immense! Which cost so dear! —  
 O Rich ETERNITY!  
 I start not at a World in Flames,  
 Charm'd with one Glimpse of Thee.

Man has no Talent, Angel, none,  
 To measure such a Prize;  
 Beneath th' o'erwhelming Bounty, deep,  
 Stunn'd Reason bury'd lies.

If at my strange, romantic Taste,  
 Earth's *Wise-ones* take Offence; —  
 Let them fall prostrate, and implore  
 One Grain of common Sense;

Nor longer, *blushing* at the Right,  
 Their shameful Courage *boast*;  
 Courage, which fights its *own* Belief,  
 And *labours* to be lost.

Proud Parts! which wield *Goliab's* \* Sword;  
 How dreadfully they shine?  
 Such Parts pluck'd down Immortal Suns,  
 And darken'd Spheres Divine.

Such bold Adventurers let fly  
 The Burstings of their Gall;  
 And for the cheap Applause of Fools,  
 From that of Angels fall;

Did they reflect, that Fools themselves,  
 Will, one Day, wiser grown,  
 Applause retract; their burning Cheeks  
 Would blush at their Renown.

*Wisdom*! where art thou? None, on Earth,  
 Tho' grasping Fame, Wealth, Pow'r;  
 But what, O Death! thro' thy Approach,  
 Is wiser ev'ry Hour.

C 2

Approach

\* To slay *David*, the Man after God's own Heart.

Approach how swift? How unconfin'd?

Worms feast on Viands rare;  
Those high-fed Epicures have Kings  
To grace their Bill of Fare.

The Moment, Death starts up to Thought,  
Pride's frozen Hand lets fall,  
What it so warmly grasp'd before,  
This Bawble of the Ball.

Why thus alarm'd? O! learn to look  
Undaunted on a Tomb;  
Look deep; you'll find your Good supreme,  
In what is call'd your *Doom*:

Life! Glory! Bliss! and Light! and Love!  
For Strife, Clouds, Shame, and Pain;  
All clos'd by Death! — Divine Reverse!  
Strange, vast, stupendous Gain!

Smile then; exult! to Heav'n, on Wings  
Of pious Rapture, fly;  
A *Christian's* glorious Hope disdains  
A mere *Content* to die.

Let Those dread Death, who drunk with Joy,  
From Reason reel; nor know  
Salubrious Anguish: You, and me,  
Fate *favour'd* with a Blow.

We Both were Wedded; Both Divorc'd;  
To tell us, Ties are vain;  
Vain *All!* — But Ties of Heart to HIM  
Who turns ev'n Death to Gain.

To me, to You, as yet unknown,  
*That* Gain! that glorious Prize!  
One, whom we Both, whom *All*, admire,  
Lifts more illumin'd Eyes:

Blind the most Eagle-ey'd of Men,  
While here their Race they run;  
The Moment, Mortals reach the Goal,  
Weak Eyes outsee the Sun.

The



The *brave Deceas'd* (no more in Storms!)  
 Exults in Blifs sincere:  
 And can You mourn? — Your *Smiles* must prove,  
 That *still* You hold Him dear:

“ But how to smile; to stem the Tide  
 “ Of Nature in our Veins;  
 “ Is it not hard to weep in Joy?  
 “ What then to smile in Pains?”

Victorious Joy! which breaks the Clouds,  
 And struggles thro' a Storm;  
 Proclaims the Mind as Great, as Good;  
 And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our Sex,  
 A Sex, by Nature, bold;  
 What then in Yours? 'Tis Di'mond *there*,  
 Triumphant o'er *our* Gold.

By Smiles in Trouble, Human Minds  
 Assume *Angelic State*;  
 And, in the Thoughts of half Mankind,  
 Reverse Decrees of Fate;

By *charming*, what may take the Form  
 Of Vengeance, in *their* Sight,  
 Into rich Gain, by sacred *Spells*  
 Of Conduct nobly right:

*That State* assume, and I'll reward  
 Your Fortitude of Mind;  
 A *Marriage-Act*, exempt from *Blame* —  
 A Licence to be sign'd. —

But first — Examine your *good Heart* —  
 That little *Speck* remove;  
 Little, I grant; yet still a Stain,  
 Of mere terrestrial Love.

Behold! I wave a Torch divine:  
 Would You for *ever* charm?  
 Kindle at that a brighter Flame;  
 Far nobler Passion warm.

That

That wicked *Speck*, *pure* Passion's *Foe*,  
 In my own Heart I felt;  
 It made me, like a *Niobe*,  
 Or a *B-----n*, melt.

Pluck up the *Poison*: — In its stead  
 Celestial Seed I sow —  
 How soon it shoots! see, see the *Flow'r*  
 Of Joy immortal; blow!

If join'd in Joy, tho' not in Place,  
 I sign your *Licence*; — boast  
 Your *second Nuptials*; *Twice* espous'd  
 To Him, You fancy'd lost.

Your Debt to *Nature* fully paid;  
 Fair *Virtue* claims her Due: —  
 But dare I plead fair *Virtue's* Cause?  
 'Tis safe; I write to YOU.

Hail, then, *peculiar* Bride! All hail;  
 By Dint of *Virtue* join'd  
 Like *Angels*; who congratulate,  
 With me, your *marry'd Mind*;

Your Mind, no longer bent to dwell,  
 And sigh among the Tombs;  
 You smile! You mount! You wed anew,  
 Amidst ambrosial Blooms:

By Those, who sung Creation's Birth,  
 Your *Bridal Hymn* is sung;  
 To sound aloud your Soul *Resign'd*,  
 Celestial Harps are strung:

Those *sacred Bands*, tho' deaf the *Muse*,  
 Thoughts more Divine impart;  
 And whisper — "When your Heart's in Heav'n,  
 " All Heav'n is in your Heart."



# PART IV.

LESS happy They, who doat on Earth;  
 When *such* past Life survey;  
 They sigh, " Alas! as yet unborn,  
 " Bold *Fancy's* promis'd Day."

Their Joy, sad Skeleton of Joy!  
 Amazes, and affrights;  
 So dismal their Delights, they swear,  
 That all their Days were Nights.

*Britain's Petronius* this aver'd,  
 Death swimming in his Eyes;  
 And he trod Pleasure's flow'ry Path,  
 And bid *new* Pleasures rise.

The fond of Earth, a sad Amour!  
 Are poor amidst Increase;  
 Joyless in Joy's full Flow; they boast  
 Gay Tumult, but no Peace:

For what is *Peace*? A Flow'r that roots  
 In an *eternal* Soil;  
 Transplanted into *Time*, it dies,  
 In Spite of Cost, and Toil.

The Moment Peace is plann'd on Joys,  
 That old Cheat, *Earth*, supplies,  
 We plan its Ruin; in its Birth  
 The poor Abortive dies.

*True* Peace is All; the vital Root  
 Whence Joys sincere arise;  
 And 'tis our Wisdom, Glory, Bliss,  
 Joy's Phantoms to despise;

Phantoms by *Fancy* conjur'd up,  
 To play their Farce by Night;  
 The Moment glorious *Reason* dawns,  
 They vanish, as a Spright.

Of

Of Wretches the most wretched They,  
 Who 'scape each sad Event;  
 With Scraps, this niggard World affords,  
 Deplorably Content.

Of Earth's Revenue would You state  
 A full Account, and fair?  
 We hope; and hope; and hope; — then cast  
 The *total Sum*;

---

*Despair!*

---

Earth's All is Nothing; yet, strange Truth!  
 A Nothing warmly fought;  
 As Earth, on which we doat, is *hung*,  
 Our Hearts are *set* — on *Nought*.

*Nought* is this World, till held as *Nought*;  
 Its Charms are, *then*, begun;  
 Then, like the Moon, it borrows Light;  
 But from a nobler Sun;

A Throne illustrious! vacant left  
 By some bold Seraph's Fall;  
 That bright Reversion gilds the Gloom  
 Of this inglorious Ball:

And gilds for whom? of all Men most  
 For those of Heart *Resign'd*;  
 Whose penetrating Eye detects  
 In the *Severe*, the *Kind*.

By Tempers *unresign'd*, the Joys  
 That court them, are withstood;  
 Alarm'd with endless Fear of Ills,  
 They faintly taste the Good:

And, thus, they more than forfeit Heav'n,  
 Earth's Harvest they destroy;  
 'Sharpen Pain's Edge, nor there desist,  
 But deaden every Joy.

O *Resignation*! All is Thine,  
 Delight's perpetual Bloom;  
 Earth's Joy, thy *Bait*; and smooth thy *Road*,  
 To Joy's eternal Home;

Where,



Where, (mark it, *Mourner!*) Tides on Tides  
Of boundless Bliss descend,  
From his bright Throne, whose tender Aim,  
Is *Grief's* triumphant End :

All lasting Grief, but Grief for Guilt,  
Itself of Guilt partakes ;  
All Joy sincere, in spite of Pain,  
Of Mortals Angels makes :

In spite of Pain, why not rejoice ?  
Have we forgot our State ?  
What is our Nature ? Mixt is Man ;  
A Chequer, human Fate.

By Travel, and *to* Travel, born,  
Our Sabbaths are but few ;  
On Earth nought precious is obtain'd,  
But what is painful too :

To Joys sincere we *work* our Way,  
Encount'ring many a Shock,  
E'er found what truly charms ; as found  
A \* *Venus* in the Block :

What tho' our Labour shou'd be great ?  
'Tis Labour richly paid ;  
Know, Heav'n's is a paternal Frown,  
Why of a Friend afraid ?

Minds quite *Resign'd* extract the Sting  
Of Ills, that most annoy ;  
And *suffer* with far more Repose,  
Than others can *enjoy* ;

On Ruin's Brink stand undismay'd ;  
Defy each dark Event,  
Laugh at the Whirl of *Fortune's* Wheel,  
Nor ask *her* for Content :

On *Him*, who only can sustain,  
On Him, O Madam ! call ;  
Then, tho' the World's Foundations shake,  
Smile, fearless of a Fall :

D

When

When the Soul issues at the Lip,  
None ever call'd in vain;  
O! call again; and call aloud:  
Tho' *patient* in your Pain,

Let *Patience*, while supporting You,  
Itself implore Support;  
It must, to live, all-potent *Pray'r*!  
Thy grand Alliance court;

When *Pray'r* partakes the Seraph's Fire,  
'Tis mounted on his Wing;  
Bursts thro' the chrystal Gates of Heav'n;  
Claims Audience of her KING;

Which never is deny'd to Those,  
However great their Guilt,  
Whose *Hearts* return; and plead that Blood,  
Which ev'n for *me* was spilt.

Our Heart's two Wings are *Pray'r*, and *Praise*:  
When these Wings cease to move,  
Headlong, like the *Dedalian* Boy,  
We tumble from above:

But *Pray'r* beyond, let *Praise* prevail,  
An Angel's chief Employ;  
For what with *Praise* for ever dwells?  
Your long-departed *Joy*:

*Praise* cheers, and warms; like gen'rous Wine  
That sparkles in the Bowl,  
It smooths the Forehead, tunes the Tongue,  
And elevates the Soul.

And Joy return'd is Joy increas'd;  
How charming after Pain,  
That *Venus* sprung (the Fable's true)  
From out the stormy Main?

Be thankful, then, for Sorrows *past*;  
This Lesson learn from *all*;  
Who lean on Earth for their Repose,  
Bespeak a dreadful Fall:

The



The Will divine to *do*, and *bear*,  
 Superior to Complaint,  
 This throngs all Virtues into One  
 And finishes the Saint :

That One, our Nature's Ornament ;  
 The richest Gift of Grace ;  
 Rival of Angels ; and the grand  
 Proprietor of Peace :

The Loss, or Gain, of *That* alone  
 Have we to hope, or fear ;  
*That* Fate controuls, and can invert  
 The Seasons of the Year :

O ! the dark Days, the Year around,  
 Of an *impatient* Mind ;  
 Thro' Clouds, and Storms, a Summer breaks,  
 And shines on the *Resign'd* :

While Man by *that* of every Grace,  
 And Virtue, is possess'd ;  
 Foul *Vice* her Pandæmonium builds  
 In the *rebellious* Breast :

Vice, which with no superior Joys  
 Her Idiots keeps in Pay ;  
 Thro' pure *disinterested* Love  
 Of Ruin, they obey.

Strict their *Devotion* to the *Wrong*,  
 Tho' tempted by no Prize ;  
 Hard their *Commandments* ; and their *Creed*  
 Is all compos'd of Lies.

Give your Almighty Friend the Lead ;  
 Of Ages past enquire,  
 What the most formidable Fate ? —  
 “ To have our own Desire.”

If in your Wrath, to your worst Foe  
 You wish extremely ill ;  
 Expose the Wretch to Thunder's Stroke,  
 Or that — of his own Will :

What Numbers, rushing down the Steep,  
Of Inclination strong,  
Have perish'd in their ardent Wish?  
With ardent, ever wrong!

Of *Refignation* sad Reverse!  
That sad Reverse implies  
What little in our Favour speaks,  
Detachment from the Skies.

## PART V.

**B**UT Thou, my Soul! the Skies revere;  
And call on Him who reigns;  
'Tis He alone can cleanse my Heart,  
And elevate my Strains:

What lofty Lays my Theme demands?  
How languid these, and low?  
Our Thoughts in Life's *December* freeze;  
And Numbers cease to flow:

With harsh, and unmelodious Sounds,  
Shall I the Muse provoke?  
And strike offended Strings, that jar,  
And quarrel with the Stroke?

**THOU!** to whom Heav'n's harmonious Choir  
Its Hallelujahs sings:  
O cleanse my too terrestrial Heart;  
And tune my jarring Strings:

When I revolve what Thou *hast* done;  
Still more, what Thou *wilt* do;  
All Hope! all Dread! my fever'd Soul  
Exults, and trembles too.

Of Thee immortal Spirits born,  
To Thee, their Fountain, flow,  
If *wife*; as, curl'd around, to Theirs  
Meandering Streams below:

Not



Not less compell'd, by Reason's Call,  
To Thee my Soul aspires;  
Than, to thy Skies, by Nature's Law,  
High mount material Fires:

Let rash Repiners stand appall'd,  
And in thy Mercies trust,  
Whose abject Souls, like Demons dark,  
Are murm'ring in the Dust:

For Man to murmur, or repine,  
At ought, that Thou hast done;  
Is as absurd, as to complain  
Of Darknes in the Sun:

Who wou'd not, with a Heart at Ease,  
Bright Eyes, unclouded Brow,  
*Goodness*, and *Wisdom*, at the Helm,  
The roughest Ocean plough?

What, tho' I'm swallow'd in the Deep?  
Tho' Mountains o'er me roar?  
JEHOVAH reigns; as *Jonah* safe,  
I'm landed, and adore.

Thy Will is welcome; let it wear  
Its most tremendous Form;  
Roar Waves! Rage Winds! I know, that *Thou*  
Canst save me *by* a Storm:

Since Thou art Love, stupendous Love!  
Of Men the wisest blind,  
And Bliss our Aim; pronounce us All  
Distracted, or *Resign'd*:

O! be my Will in Thine inclos'd,  
'Till clos'd mine Eye in Death;  
That, in all else *resign'd*, well pleas'd,  
I may resign my Breath;

Smiling beneath that Hour's dread Gloom,  
Ensure a radiant Seat,  
Where, dawning here, *Submission* gains  
Its bright, meridian State:

Madam!

Madam ! may You that State attain ;  
Like that brave Man You mourn,  
You are a *Soldier* ; and to fight  
Important Battles born ;

Beneath a Banner nobler far  
Than ever was unfurl'd  
In Fields of Blood ; a Banner bright !  
It *shines* on all the World :

The passive Hero, which fits down  
*Unactive*, and can smile  
Beneath Affliction's galling Load,  
*Outacts* a *Cæsar's* Toil :

To stain the Waves with wounded Foes,  
Can't equal Praise afford ;  
*Reason's* a bloodless Conqueror,  
More glorious than the Sword :

Nor can the Thunder of Huzzas  
From shouting Nations, cause  
Such sweet Delight, as from Yourself  
Soft Whispers of Applause :

The *dear Deceas'd*, so fam'd in Arms,  
With what Delight He'll view  
His Triumphs on the Main outdone ?  
Thus conquer'd *twice*, by You !

Share his Delight : Take heed to shun  
Of Bosoms most diseas'd  
That odd Distemper, an absurd  
Reluctance to be pleas'd :

*Joy* is our Glory ; it makes Gods ;  
Their Nature ! our Relief !  
Better it is to die of *Joy*,  
Than live the Slave of *Grief* ;

*Joy* is our *Eden* still possess'd ;  
The Sunshine of the Soul ;  
Our Panegyrick on that Pow'r,  
Who sweetly plann'd the Whole :

Mark



Mark then, how formidable *Ill's*  
 Whole Army is o'erthrown;  
 By closing with Heav'n's Will, we make  
*Omnipotence* our Own:

No longer impotent, and frail,  
 To what a Height we rise?  
 We scarce believe ourselves Below;  
 But Bord'ers on the Skies:

Beyond us, what can Angels boast?  
 Arch-Angels, what require?  
 Whate'er in Earth or Heav'n is done,  
 Is done — *As we desire.*

What Grandeur This, in Sons of Dust,  
 Whose Life is but a Span?  
 This is meridian Majesty;  
 This, the *Sublime* of Man.

'Tis not in Word or Thought to raise  
 A Mortal's Glory higher;  
 With this compare the *Roman* Flight,  
 Bold Flight! which All admire:

" All that the Sun surveys subdu'd,  
 " But *Cato's* mighty Mind."  
 How great the Character? — How mean,  
 To that of Souls *resign'd*?

What then is my most ardent Wish?  
 A Soul acute to see  
 All Wisdom's Code epitomiz'd  
 In Love to Heav'n's Decree;

Haste, *Resignation!* from the Fields,  
 Where mounted on the Wing,  
 A Wing of Flame! blest'd Martyrs' Souls  
 Ascended to their King:

Who is it calls Thee? One whose Need  
 Transcends the common Size;  
 Who stands, in Front, against a Foe,  
 To which none equal rise;

In Front he stands ; the Brink he treads  
Of an eternal State ;

How dreadful his appointed Post ?  
How strongly arm'd, by Fate,

His threat'ning Foe ? What Shadows deep  
O'erwhelm his gloomy Brow ?

His Dart tremendous ! — At Fourscore,  
My sole Afylum, *Thou !*

Thou can't befriend me ; Thou alone  
Hast Pow'r to reconcile

My Foe, and me : — At thy Approach  
Grim *Death* begins to smile :

O ! for that Happiness supreme,  
Whilst here we draw our Breath ;  
That Promise of eternal Life !  
A glorious Smile in Death !

My *gay* Coævals ! (such there are)  
If Happiness is dear ;  
Approaching Death's alarming Day  
Discreetly let us fear :

The Fear of Death is truly wise,  
Till Wisdom can rise higher ;  
And, arm'd with pious Fortitude,  
Death, dreaded once, desire :

How great the Blessing, that no Pow'r  
Of Death can rob the Just !  
Nor pluck from their unaking Heads  
Soft Pillows in the Dust :

But Those there are, nor those a Few,  
(O *V—aire !* tell me why ;)  
Who, tho' scarce now Alive, yet think  
That they shall never Die :

Whence this Delirium ? On a Tomb  
They *dare not* turn their Sight ;  
Mysterious Cowards ! basely brave,  
And fearless from Affright !

Fearless



Fearless of their dark Day of Death,  
That Birth-day of their Sorrow;  
Perhaps, it may be distant far,  
Nor crush them, till — To-morrow. —

But Thou, Myself! hast Thou no Cause  
To dread the common Doom?  
*Folly*, and *Death*, spare none; Why wise  
For Others, Fool at Home?

In Life's Decline, if we relapse  
Into the Sports of Youth;  
The second Child outfools the first,  
And tempts the Lash of Truth:

Shall One, who, with protracted Breath,  
Transgresses Nature's Law,  
Who bends beneath *Time's* heavy Hand;  
And stumbles at a Straw;

Shall a mere Truant from the Grave,  
With rival Boys engage;  
With trembling Voice attempt to sing,  
And ape the Poet's Rage?

By *fancy'd* Parts expos'd, prefer  
*Petition* for Renown?  
In Age, Parts not employ'd for Heav'n  
Provoke the public Frown:

In Youth, *V—aire!* may Folly plead  
For some Indulgence due;  
When Heads are white, their Thoughts, and Aims,  
Shou'd change their Colour too.

How art Thou *cheated* by thy Wit?  
Old Age is bound to pay,  
By Nature's Law, a Mind *discreet*,  
For *Joys* it takes away:

What tho' thy Muse has nobly soar'd?  
Is that *our* true Sublime?  
Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer  
Eternity to Time:

Why close a Life of Wit so bright,  
With such bold Trash as \* This?  
This, for Renown? — Yes, such as makes  
*Obscurity* a Bliss.

Thy Trash, with *mine*, at open War,  
Is obstinately bent;  
Like *Wits* below, to sow thy *Tares*,  
Of Gloom, and *Discontent* :

Thy Works in our divided Minds  
Repugnant Passions raise;  
Confounded with a double Stroke;  
We shudder, whilst we praise :

A curious Web, as finely wrought,  
As Genius can inspire,  
From a black Bag of Poison spun,  
With Horror we admire :

Yet still I clasp thee as my Friend,  
If thou wilt be thy Own :  
Will not a *louder Trumpet* sound?  
Why think of *Fame's* alone?

Turn Atheist, and thy Gods renounce :  
Why *Fame*, *Wit*, *Wealth*, adore?  
Thy *Fame* dishonours, *Wit* befools,  
And *Plenty* makes thee Poor :

If thy Ambition burns to shine  
At once Rich, Great, and Wise;  
One Point obtain; and in that One  
Revive the *Triple Prize* :

*Salvation's* glorious *Helmet* seize,  
Resplendent are its Rays;  
Let that suffice; it needs no *Plume*  
Of sublunary Praise :

Greatly thy Genius I admire;  
Nor *would* deplore thy Fate;  
Early I knew thee, early lov'd;  
And *long* to love thee late.

True



True Glory nothing but *Good-Sense*,  
Has any Right to claim;  
And when *Wit* murders Happiness,  
It puts to Death our Fame:

Mean as it is, if This is read,  
With a disdainful Air;  
I can't forgive so great a Foe  
To my dear Friend, *V—taire*.

But you relent; Who much have err'd,  
That Much have been forgiv'n;  
I speak with Joy, with Joy you'll hear —  
“ *V—taires* are now in Heav'n.”

What such *Philanthropy* divine  
Can equal? Nothing can:  
Nothing but This, Ye *Murmurers*!  
*Ingratitude* in Man.

*The E N D.*



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